

M79/16

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

with

HORSE AND CAMERA

Part I



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Part I

By

Mary S. Warren, Banff,  
Alberta.



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HORSE AND CAMERA

✓1. Map of Canada and United States

To get even a limited idea of that of which one speaks in geographical language, that tedious thing - a map - must be inserted. The one shown gives a suggestion of Canada and the United States and the position of that great transcontinental road, the Canadian Pacific, which was the pioneer of all roads on this side of the line. It was a much mooted question as to whether such a feat as a continuous road through Canada could ever be accomplished and those who felt they understood conditions had much to contend with from the public both in Canada and England. The shores of the Great Lakes must have been a heart breaking task, with their trestles and tunnels and bridges, and the constantly falling rocks, but still there was nothing impossible about the work. As for the long wide plains, they were comparatively easy to overcome; it was the long stretch of mountainous country which Capt. John Palliser of England found a terrible proposition. He remained in the country from '59 to '65, and in his report to the home government was forced to admit that unless the road could be partly run through the States the task could not be accomplished. All of this may be read in that rare book known as "Palliser's report", but the writer once had the good fortune of learning at first hand how it happened that a part of the expedition penetrated as far as Golden and later went north of the present Louise station to the Bow Lakes.

Like many another thing accomplished, it came by accident. Sir James Hector, then Dr. Hector of the Palliser party was visiting Canada in 1903, was stopping at Glacier and was announcing to an interested listener that "he meant to see his grave before returning to New Zealand - his home for the latter part of his life. This being a rather astonishing statement he was asked just what he meant. "Well," said the old pioneer, "You see I was over here with Palliser as physician. We simply could go no farther west than the Indians permitted. They felt we were after their hunting country and that ended it. It looked as though all our efforts were to be in vain, and there were the Rockies stretched right before us. Dysentery broke out in the camp of Indians which was close to us. I took over a few simple remedies, changed their camp, everyone got well, and after that I could have anything I wanted. We entered the Valley of the Bow, climbed a mountain which is now called Cascade, went over Vermilion Pass, reached what is now so well known as Windermere country, and came back down the Columbia where the present village of Golden now stands. Seeing a large stream coming from the east, we made our way up it. It was terrible travelling as we had to take to the steep hillsides. Coming up a very wild stream I decided to cross it to the other side. My horse never did have a good disposition, so I was insisting that he get into that water and over. He was just as certain he was not going. I went for him from the rear when he



bowled me over so badly the rest of the party thought I was dead. We did things in a hurry in those days so they dug my grave, but fortunately I came to just as they were going to bury me. I know I could find that hole. We named the river the "Kicking Horse" and I am going to find the place." He never did. His brilliant young son Douglas who had accompanied his father to the land of his parent's youthful work, died suddenly at Revelstoke and lies there today, the place marked by a fine granite stone. The broken father bowed his head to grief and fate and returned to New Zealand, to pass away a few years later. Such briefly is the history of the first attempt to lay a road of steel across the continent, at least of Canada. Others had gone before Sir James, but not for this special purpose. As the prairies are an old story to everyone who has passed across the country we will plunge at once into the most scenic part of the "Great Playground of the North."

✓ 2. Banff

Banff became a village in the days of construction of the great highway and was originally located where now the elk and buffalo roam. Later, owing to the location of the hotel and the presence of fine sulphur springs the village of today sprang up in the heart of the hills.

3. Mount Rundle

Here Mount Rundle is shown with the Bow River in the foreground. This mountain received its name from the Rev. Dr. Rundle who as far back as 1840 had left his placid home in England to work among the Indians. The writer has the only memo he ever left. His was the salvation of a savage race whom he found gentle and kindly. In his diary he seldom speaks of the beauty of the foothills where he apparently was located most of the time, but occasionally he mentions the great mountains shining in the sun or bathed in clouds and one morning he decided he would take a walk over to the mountains and obtain a stone to take home to England as a souvenir. He adds, "I walked all day and apparently was no nearer, and through fatigue was forced to go back to my camp without the stone." So clear is the atmosphere in the Canadian mountains one can easily understand how such a great mistake was made by a stranger.

✓ 4. Goat Mountain

Swinging the camera a little to the south of the last picture Goat Mountain comes into view. This mountain lies in the upper valley of the Spray River and is about 8 miles south of Banff. The waters of the Spray have their rise in the lakes of the same name and consequently the Spray River is almost invariably clear. Considerably further south than this mountain is the "White Man's Pass," that pass over which Father DeSmett crossed long before the days of the Palliser expedition. Like Dr. Rundle he probably thought far more of the soul<sup>s</sup> he had come to claim than of scenery. Sixteen miles up the Spray River there is an opening in the hills which leads down to the mining town of Canmore and which now is frequently given the name of the above pass, but it is a misnomer and misleading.



5. Bow Valley

The camera turned due west shows the range of hills from which flows the Bow River; in the foreground is that river. No one seems to know the origin of the name unless it was given by someone noticing the winding, tortuous path through the long valleys. A slight glimpse of the public boathouse may be seen where, in summer, fussy little naphtha launches play back and forth beneath the frowning mountains and in the winter the snow is kept swept away for those who spend their time skating or in games of hockey.

6. Saxifraga Nutkana

One of the earliest flowers to bloom about Banff is the little Saxifraga Nutkana. It stands about ten inches high, grows in white masses and has the delicious odour of "sweet grass" for which the Indians are noted for making baskets. As the season advances it blooms at higher and higher levels till at last it has been found at the summit of Sulphur Mountain.

7. Alpine Anemone

The Alpine Anemone or Pulsatilla is found only in the higher reaches of the mountains. It is a creamy white. Its purple sister is found in large quantities in the lower valleys and is often called the "wind flower" - an attractive name for the bright blossom which is never still in the constant winds which come down the valleys. As the petals die away, the seed-pods are almost equally attractive and with small imagination one might call them "hairy little men of the hills."

8. Cascade Mountain

Cascade Mountain, named for a stream of water which flows permanently on its eastern face, was probably one of the first mountains in this vicinity ever to be climbed by a white man. Sir James Hector is supposed to have made at least a partial ascent to locate valleys and passes whereby he could penetrate the hills to the west. It stretches a long distance to the north and in it is embedded large masses of coal, some of which have been mined.

9. Stoney Indian

The Stoney Indians of the foothills still return year by year to their old hunting grounds, but under vastly different conditions. Today their costumes are still brilliant with imported beads, the buckskin of former years is almost gone. There are no buffalo hide tepees, few soft skin garments, just gay prints, cheap ribbons, and until recently a very poor type of blanket. The glamour of the Aborigine is departing. He feels it. Where he once stepped a proud, free man, the wild creatures of the hills his for the hunting, he comes now as a ward of the government. The old men of the tribes pass on to the younger generation the stories of the glory of the past. It is tragedy at our door.



✓ 11. Indian Family

To date the Indian has not adopted the motor car and there is something pathetically funny in seeing their faces when they pick up a taxi on that now well-established "Indian Day" at Banff and go rushing back to their camp about a mile from the village. The love of their horses will probably go with them as long as any of their tribe is left. The "Squaw Race" is one of the great events, the girls decked in yards of vari-colored ribbons and gorgeous prints fly around the track with as great excitement as any of their men friends. This little family is dressed for the parade which always precedes the sports at their regular camp.

✓ 12. Native Camp

As they live in their native state - where tourists are numerous in August and where many people from outlying districts come to behold this fast-departing glimpse of the old days on the plains among the Indians.

✓ 13. Upper Hot Springs

One of the great attractions of Banff, both for pleasure and health, is the number of swimming pools of strong sulphur water. The largest are the Upper Hot Springs where one may bathe in dead of winter, the Middle Springs which are much less pretentious and the Cave and Basin where a large swimming pool has been built by the government at great cost, with dressing rooms, etc. The original pool bursts from the mountain side and is walled in artificially, thus making swimming in that part of the basin practicable the entire year. During the winter carnival which has now become an annual affair, races take place in the larger pool between the children of the village and visitors. The picture shown was taken at the Upper Hot Springs during a cold snap. The steam rising from the naturally heated water makes a marvellous festoon of ice and so great is the heat of the water that one may bathe with impunity at 10 or 20 below zero.

✓ 14. The wild animals at the Banff National Park are a great attraction to visitors. So long have they been protected from the hunter that they scarcely know the least fear. The buffalo is an exception and it takes the greatest watchfulness on the part of the caretaker of the herd to keep the stranger from climbing from his car to get a closer snap-shot of the lazy looking brutes. A fence is a good safe place from which to take a picture, for the buffalo has ever been known to resent a car coming into his pasture. He is not the least bit afraid, it is the tourist who has usually not enough imagination to know that protection has taught the Monarch of the Plains he has nothing to fear from man.

✓ 15. Buffalo

The herd at Banff is very limited owing to the small range, but at Wainwright is now gathered the last great herd of the continent. (In 1939 this herd was disbanded) It was known as the pablo herd, a private one owned in the United States. It took infinite trouble and care to bring the buffalo across the line but time and patience did it all.



✓ 16. Elk

Quite close to the buffalo is the elk pasture. These beautiful creatures may be seen in large numbers after sunset in the summer enjoying browsing in the open, for with the sunset depart the flies which annoy them exceedingly. The male is an especially handsome creature, stalking with masculine vanity amidst his harem. Quite recently a large number of the elk have been placed in the open range and one may catch a glimpse of them occasionally as a car glides swiftly by, but they are perhaps the most shy wild animals of the mountains living under protection.

✓ 17. Moose

The moose also is kept for visitors to see, but his unfortunate temperament makes him as difficult to reach as the buffalo, except that he clings to the brush and no car can reach his habitat. The accompanying photo was taken with a good-sized tree behind the photographer but as she is no climber; I am not just sure why she worried about having a tree at all.

✓ 18. Mountain Sheep

The mountain sheep have probably responded to the protection which the government has afforded to all the wild animals in the National Parks better than any other species. A few years ago it took days to hunt them in their natural haunts; today the thousands of motor cars plying on the Louise road are sure to pass group after group browsing beside the road, bending to the salt-licks or coming from the drinking places. The Louise road is the haunt of the wild sheep and their tameness has caused immense pleasure to those who have never before had the privilege of seeing them so close.

19. Mountain Sheep

In this picture one sheep stands listening to the coming of a vehicle and two more are directly on the skyline slowly browsing their way over to the other side of the low hill. In the spring the ewes wander about with their young lambs and the yearlings follow closely along. The rams, ungallant creatures, leaving the ladies to look after the families, wander back into the fastnesses of the hills. When fall arrives they once more return to the bosom of the home. Not for peace however, for no sooner do they appear than trouble starts and it is the survival of the fittest. Fighting seems to be the order of the day. Travelling along quietly on the highway one frequently hears the smashing and crashing of horns as two enormous heads come together to settle some family dispute. Hunters have frequently reported finding skulls of sheep locked together. Fighting, they had become entangled and died of starvation.

20. Antelope

This picture of the antelope was taken a number of years ago



and probably could never be obtained today. They are gentle little creatures, not at all shy in captivity but captivity cannot hold them. They seem to be migratory in habit and several years ago when the C.P.R. fenced off miles of country where the antelope were plentiful the writer has seen them by hundreds lying dead by the fences they could not pass. They were headed south but the southland could not be reached. All the care lavished on them in their park home could not save the gentle little creatures. They are all dead.

21. Baby Moose

This photo also will probably never be repeated. Time after time moose had been asked for for New Zealand. The animals always succumbed before reaching their destination. At last someone decided to try baby moose. Though very young they were raised on bottles, brought to Banff where they were as tame as the family cat, and so far as was ever learned they reached the far-away country for which they had been raised. These little fellows are about three years old. They are of very slow growth and seem to remain infants till at least fifteen years of age.

22. Bow River at Sunset

A glimpse of the Bow River at the setting of the sun. So deep is the vista, so long the range, the camera can almost depend daily on this spot for a subject. Anyone unaccustomed to the rigors of our northern climate would scarce believe there were times when a breeze reaching fifty below zero could sweep down these green valleys but we of the northland know it is all too common.

✓ 23. Bow River in Winter - Ice Harvest

This photo of the winter harvest of the ice is in the valley previously shown. The Bow River becomes a river of ice about 30 or 36 inches thick and not till then does the cutting take place. People accustomed to lower altitudes and seaboard look with horror on a climate where the mercury takes such liberties. The cold may become a little tiresome, but those who have tried both high and low altitudes generally assert they suffer far less with cold in the dry climate than in the moist.

✓ 24. Mountaineering

Mountaineering is one of the sports of this section as well as throughout the mountains generally. For those who are fond of it, it holds out innumerable inducements. The first requisite is a steady head and second a full supply of nerves which will not play false to their owner at a critical moment.

✓ 25. After a long rough climb in brush, the sight of ice is welcome. Then goggles are adjusted for the glare on the surrounding whiteness is apt to cause snow-blindness, something which is decidedly to be avoided as an experience, as the writer can confirm. Stout boots are worn. No frills are attached to climbing togs, too dangerous is it that something catch on rock or other obstruction.



✓26. Ascent of Mt. Wilcox

Then the rope is attached to every member of the party, the professional guides taking their places according to the strength of the party. It is never safe for untried climbers to attack high mountains or snowfields without a thoroughly tried and understanding guide - thus may trouble be avoided. The photo shows the last part of the ascent of Mt. Wilcox just at the Wilcox pass. It is not at all difficult as such performances go, but the writer never had further desire to try any sort of mountain again. Near the summit no rope was being used as the leader seemed to think it was very easy. Following closely at his heels, she suddenly lost him and was sure he had taken a short cut to the bottom without making a noise. That drop was all of one thousand feet. She glanced around the corner of a rock and there he was waving her imperatively to come ahead. I assure you there was a ledge between the two which was not more than two feet wide, five yards long and a sheer drop to the valley far below. What do we not do for fear of being laughed at; that fear carried her over the horrid space with head held high, teeth bitten into lips and a vow in her heart to look at things later from a lower level. That vow was never broken. There are still mountains and mountains which have never yet been scaled and which afford a "first ascent" so vast is the great chain of our own inimitable Rockies. Once an Englishman who had trotted the globe over was asked the usual question, "How do you like our Rockies?" I wish I could include the tone and the accent, but that being impossible I can give only his idea. "Oh, I do not care for them at all. One climbs and climbs and there are still more mountains to climb. If I were in Switzerland I could finish them all up in a short time, but a man's whole life would not permit his finishing the Canadian Rockies."

✓27. Snowfields near the Summit

This photo shows the last snowfields before the summit is reached. Ice axes have come into action. It looks very easy but ears are ever alert for the sound of cracking ice which betokens a coming avalanche - the breathing becomes laboured with the high altitude. Some love the sport - but - some do not. But there are compensations. The magnificent views, the purity of the snows, the wonderful silence, the glissades when the hardest work is over, when there are a few moments to turn to the great blue-green grottos of ice, and relaxing a few moments let every tired muscle rest, rest in the wonderful coloring of which this is but a meek sample. Yes, it does pay, even if you are scared beyond expression - a fright you may confide to no one. I like to hear the real Alpiners talk, I know so well they leave out a lot and nothing will convince me that they do not.

✓29. Nearing the Goal

This photo shows our party slowly but surely reaching the goal, the summit of a 12,000 ft. mountain. What matter it where? The struggle, the scramble, the weariness begun at dawn, are almost ended. It takes



one who goes on such a jaunt to appreciate the coming of the end especially if he has gone under protest as the writer has done a number of times.

- ✓ 30. There are a few last panting struggles, and these may be written in huge letters, especially if the climber has a quivery spot around the second button of his vest or she has a palpitation around the third button of her neat khaki shirt. I won't believe that men and women vary very much at a high altitude. It is only the guide who counts after all. It is he who stiffens doubting legs and strengthens a weakening will.

✓ 31. The Summit

At last the summit is there - crunched under foot, despised for the moment and admired the next. But all the same I am willing to admit that to gaze at that comb of snow from a winter fire-place is exceedingly satisfactory.

✓ 32. The Descent

Here the descent has begun. There is a feeling of thankfulness that the peak at last has been surmounted and done with for the day. There is an inclination to sing and to feel that troubles are all over, when an ugly thought intrudes. There is the descent when the day has warmed to the summer sun. There is an ice bridge to cross, will it hold? There are crevasses to cross which may have weakened in the heat. Going down, some one dangles out of sight, is fished up with bruises aplenty and the rest of the novices scared stiff. A glissade is made, when one's garments are filled with snow, and speaking feelingly there is one human being who is quite willing for the other fellow to find all the glory he can in first or last ascents. The one great ascent is wonderful, but does it pay?

- ✓ 33. And so it goes on, bridges and crevasses follow one another in monotonous succession. The struggle of climbing ceased with the ascent, but the struggle against the day's heat on the weak ice leaves no mental misery in doubt for the unprofessional climber, that climber who is scared from start to finish. Yet there are thousands of people who SAY it is the most wonderful sport. They may have it all, personally I think they have a few mental reservations of which they do not speak.

✓ 34. Lake Minewanka, or Devil's Lake

Among the interesting outlying environs of Banff is Lake Minnewanka, known locally as Devil's Lake. Perhaps this name was derived from the sudden squalls or storms which sweep down on the lake without much warning. There is a drive of nine miles to it, when one passes the animal pastures and goes through the departing village of Bankhead, once a thriving mining village. Surrounded by high mountains, Mt. Aylmere is yet the highest and is accessible to climbers. In the summer a stout little boat plies the waters of the lake, and in the winter ice-boating is very good. Formerly its shores were the route into the hills for hunting, but since a motor road links Calgary and Banff they now use the easier way.



Many years ago we were driving to the lake when we suddenly beheld quite a party of Indians coming our way. The writer was utterly "green" frightened of the savages (?) and when the driver said "jump" she was out of that rig before the word was right out. The Indians took in the situation, politely dropped down into the gully, grunted "how", laughed and the incident was closed. But never again had the Indian any terror for the easterner, the smiles made us friends, a friendship which continues to this day.

✓ 35. Mount Ball

Mount Ball is comparatively near to Banff, and lies to the southwest of the village. Its summit can be distinctly seen from the general motor highway. It ranks as one of the higher mountains, and its summit is permanently covered with snow. It is a scenic mountain from every point and is worthy of those who are fond of climbing.

36. Lake Louise

The government has at last linked up the roads which make a trans-continental highway, but the road to Louise was finished first and has been used by motorists for some time. The distance is about 38 miles, not including the side trip to the Moraine lake district, but the whole may be made from Banff very easily in one day. From the time the lake was discovered (back in the eighties), it has been known as one of the most beautiful scenic districts. Lake Louise is only about one mile long, is about two and a half miles from the station of the same name and is worth many a visit. At one time a small chalet stood at the border of the lake; it was burned down, then came a place of larger dimensions and at present one of the finest architectural structures stands at the foot of the lake, built by the C.P.R. Every convenience under the sun may be found in the heart of the wilderness. Ponies carry people to the higher lakes, Mirror and Agnes, small tea houses have sprung up, at least 100 miles of trail ramify every interesting point so one may be happy at Louise for weeks if climbing, walking, strange flowers, etc. will call them there. There is a wonderful walking trip over the ice of Mt. Victoria to Lake O'Hara (named for one of the earlier surveyors) and it is well worth the trip.

✓ 37. View taken to right of last

This picture was taken more to the right of the last one and Mt. Victoria has disappeared from view. Mt. Lefroy comes more prominently into view and the forefront of Mt. Fairview. During the summer both mountains send down avalanches in the hottest part of the day which are very impressive and also beautiful as they crash in tons and tons of ice into the valleys below. For the botanist there is no larger field to work in perfect comfort than Chateau Louise. Saxifrages are there in enormous quantities, the false forget-me-nots, arnicas, etc., and in June the Lyall's larch may be found blooming in the deep snows about 8,000 ft. high, and a little later the snow lilies and Pulsatilla. It is a botanist's paradise.

✓ 38. Lake Louise In Winter



Winter comes early to this wonderful place. The snowfall is extremely heavy and all life seems to cease. Not a bird is heard, scarce even the cry of a coyote. The heavy timbers surrounding the lake prevent the crying of the winter winds, and the only sound to the lonely one is the thunder of an occasional avalanche, which reverbrates across the nearby hills. Beneath the heavy ice of the lake an occasional hole is cut and some unfortunate fish is caught. So deep is the lake that the better fishing is found at the outlet and even then, they do not seem eager for any bait offered. I am told that the largest fish are caught during the winter.

40. Mt. Hungabee, near Moraine Lake

A very good motor road has now been established by the government to Moraine Lake from the Chateau. So enormous has traffic become that it is called at present "a one way road" as it is too narrow to admit of the passing of large cars. The lake is established in the Valley of the Ten Peaks originally known by the Stoney Indian numerals. It may be travelled by motor, horse, or on foot. The distance is about nine miles and a dainty lodge is established at the lakeside where one may have a refreshing drink of tea. Approaching the down-grade to the lake is one of the finest sights in the mountains. The lake has been formed by a huge slide of rock and the waters of many glaciers give it a perfect emerald hue. At one time it was famous as a fishing spot. The mountain in the centre of the picture was named by the discoverer Mt. Hungabee (Chieftain) and is the end of the ten peaks. Mt. Deltaform is further to the right and although it has been climbed it will not be conquered often as it is considered one of the most difficult peaks in the Rockies.

41. Lake O'Hara

Lake O'Hara previously mentioned as a good walking trip from Louise may be reached very comfortably from Hector Station a few miles west of Louise. It is taken on ponies and is through beautiful country. At present a small chalet stands there and one may enjoy more than the comforts of a tent, though personally tent life has no horrors and many things which make it attractive. The lake is about one mile long but is surrounded by magnificent scenery. In this picture you may see the ice over which an aspiring climber would come from Louise, but the shower of falls from the glaciers behind are not visible.

42. Dryas Octopetala

As for the semi-alpine flowers, their numbers and names are legion. When the botanist has finished at Louise he may go and dally at O'Hara where he finds those plants which need a colder climate. The *Dryas Octopetala* is found in the dried river beds going into this mountain locked lakes.



43. Before the Camp Fire

To one accustomed to camping there is something lost when the tiny cabins come stealing into their haunts. Camp life is fascinating. There is never any house-cleaning. When your carpet of flowers wears out, move on, and Nature gets the place in shape for another year. Clothes must be comfortable but very plain. Camp is a place to wash up, to darn up, to sew on buttons, and above all to talk over the thrilling things of the day. It's lovely to tell a tenderfoot how you hit a grouse with a stone at 20 ft. when you really knocked the silly bird off a limb at about 5 ft.; to tell him how you caught a big fish with pieces of red flannel - though that is no fib but not very sporty. As for the meals, they sound prosy and rather distasteful but get a good appetite behind them and everything goes.

✓ 44. Dr. P. A. Coleman

Dr. Coleman, the famous geologist, deserves a place among these pictures. He has been a pioneer to the head waters of the rivers which flow into the Bow, as well as into many other places. His writings are well worth study and some of us had the honor to follow the blazes of his trail in new land. Occasionally we have had the comfort of running into a hunter's cabin and tho' we have always preferred the fresh breezes of our own tepees, one can imagine what those cabins have meant to the trapper in the dead of winter when he may close his door on the cruel winds and snow and build a huge fire of spruce.

✓ 45. Peaks at Lake O'Hara

At Lake O'Hara there are many excellent mountains for the climber on which to use his skill, among them the Wiwaxy Peaks at the outlet of the Lake, Mount Hungabee to the south, Mount Schaffer in the foreground and Mount Odaray in the west. A comfortable walk to Lake McArthur is well worth the slight exertion involved, although I think horses will go there now. It leads gently up to alpine regions where new flowers tempt the botanist. McArthur's altitude is so great that the little lake is seldom free of ice as this photo taken in midsummer shows. It's outlet is at one end of the lake where a most mysterious gurgling goes on constantly as it makes its way in unseen ways beneath the mountain valleys. Swinging the camera round to the left Mt. Hungabee comes into view. The group of climbers are members of the Alpine Club of Canada, standing about the swirling outlet of the lake, their eyes on great Hungabee, a mountain whose climb would put a feather in anyone's cap.

✓ 46. Fishing at O'Hara

At the time our party visited O'Hara there was no neat cabin but a comfy tent. And while most of us visited the alpine lake of McArthur the cook was catching a fine string of fish which tasted pretty good at supper time broiled over wood coals. He has also been able to bowl over a "fool-hen" a most aptly named creature. When it sees a human being coming it sits still in its tracks or wherever it



may be and allows the most unskilled marksman to bring it down with a 22 or a stone. Nothing but the desire for a good supper ever impels the camper to kill a "fool hen." Probably the fact that it sits so perfectly still has saved many a life, as they are almost the color of the surrounding logs and trees. And it often takes a sharp eye to detect the bird.

✓ 50. Trail from Lake O'Hara

The trail back to the railroad from Lake O'Hara is full of interest. The willows in the long stretches of meadow are full of brightness and color. The mosses in the forest are a foot thick and the falls at the end of the ride would be very wonderful if one had not seen so much previously.

✓ 51. Takakaw Falls

The station at Field on the C.P.R. affords a splendid starting point for the Yoho valley. It seems no time since the valley was discovered by a trapper and named by that famous man Sir William Van Horne. The writer was there before cabins or camps were known. The party took horses at Field and made their way to Emerald Lake by the western route. There were 16 people in that marvellous cavalcade who mostly knew no more about horses than the average person does about camels. They camped at the upper end of the lake and from there walked to "Look-off" where they saw for the first time the great falls later known as the Takakaw. Today a charming little hotel stands above the green lake; at the great falls are cabins and through that part of the park are now innumerable trails where one may see most with minimum fatigue.

✓ 52. Laughing Falls

Good trails lead from one waterfall to another and several days may be spent in the valley, as the camps are now of the best. This photo of Laughing Falls fails to give any idea of its natural beauty as the camera has its limitations no matter what the subject.

✓ 53. Laughing Falls in Winter

Here it is shown in the grip of winter. This is perhaps a wonderful time to behold all nature of the hills asleep, but few are able to reach those ice-bound places.

✓ 54. Twin Falls

The Twin Falls are the most undependable of the Yoho Falls. You may take all kinds of trouble to see them and find them one solid mass, again they take their proper name of "Twins". But all depends on the amount of debris which is tossed down the mountains by the spring freshets where at the point of plunging the great precipice a huge boulder is as apt to embed itself as not. But they are beautiful whether showing a single form or double.

✓ 55. Great Glacier at Glacier, B.C.



The next most interesting place to visit while on the C.P.R. is the station at Glacier. It was formerly used as an eating house for the tourist and perhaps the scenery was only a secondary consideration, but it is there just the same. Before the Connaught Tunnel was placed through the Rogers Pass, thus eliminating dangers from steep grades and snow-slides in winter, the traveller was greeted by the above sight on reaching the hotel. At present he who wishes to know Glacier better, gets off at the western end of the tunnel, and is driven up to Glacier about one and one-half miles. Tell what they may, the snout of the Glacier is but a mile from the hotel. Many fine trails lead to higher points where a horse may go.

✓ 56. In the Selkirks

Climbing in the Selkirks is markedly different from that in the more eastern Rockies. In the latter a horse may go anywhere, but in the former, owing to the thick undergrowth, you have the pleasure of being your own horse. A few huts have been built at more popular points where a benighted and weary climber may find a sort of rest among the mountain rats and squirrels. But there are no spring beds. This photo was taken by a party who wished to see the sun rise from the Hermit range. They retired amidst brilliant stars, quite visible through the chinks of the temporary hut. During the night, hearing a soft muffled noise, someone said: "Rats," and let it go at that. In the morning they found they had been deluged with soft snow which had slipped and slid down the old roof, in some places alighting on the sleepers, but all admitted they would not have missed the "fairy land" which was theirs for an hour.

✓ 57. Mount McDonald

So enthusiastic were our photographers that many photos were taken, among them "Mount McDonald" from the hut. The misty clouds are seen rising from the warm sun beating into the valley below. The walk later in the valley and thence to the hotel was accompanied with many a snow bath and drenched garments, but no one was sorry he went.

58. The Porcupine

So few are the human beings who scale the heights of the Hermit Range that wild life over there is anything but wild. Bears look at the passerby and pay not the slightest attention - unless accompanied by cubs - and the porcupine is always a gentle little creature. He is bound to be feared by the camper as he eats anything from bacon to show-strings, and his spines, which have a way of getting loose and falling out, are painful to encounter, but he never seeks trouble. He has a small whimper like a very young child, and woe betide the dog who thinks he can rend or harm the humble porky.

✓ 59. Tamed Animals

Near Glacier are some interesting caves, now called Nakamou, but why I do not know. They were discovered by a hunter by the name of Deutchman and went by his name for a long time. He was in the Dougar valley hunting bear. After killing a huge grizzly he stopped to in-



investigate a small hole which he saw nearby. He found the place was honeycombed with such, and a large stream passed through these holes. With the assistance of the government he materially developed them and eventually was given control of them for the benefit of sightseers. He had everything in sight trained to come to him. He had built himself a small shack, fed his gophers and marmots and squirrels, and even went so far as to show us a tame fly. Whether he ever made pets of the grizzlies which were around his place in numbers I do not know. At least he never allowed the stranger to travel about unaccompanied. Here are two of his pets who care no more for the watching tourist than the tree behind them. But he always seemed to have an eye-out for the advancing grizzly coming up the flower-swept slopes.

✓ 60. Skiing in the Selkirks

Skis and snow-shoes are the best form of getting about in the Selkirks where the fall of snow is greater than in any other part of Canada. From 40 to 60 inches have been reported in one season, and it is not hard to believe, as measuring snow is about all one has to do when acting as caretaker of that place. The fall of the feathery flakes seems incessant till spring comes, when the rain takes its place, and goes on with the game. The climate is much more moist than that of the Rockies and consequently the flora is different.

✓ 61. Snow Mushrooms

Having no summer flowers handy I have placed here the winter "mushrooms" the old stumps of trees which grow more and more loaded with the softly falling snow, and as there is almost no wind they hold till spring comes with its drenching showers.

I have run hurriedly and sketchily through these slides, but they were never intended originally to see the light of day beyond the hospitals of England during the war. It might be of interest to some of my listeners that more than one poor lad from Alberta recognised something from HOME. I received one letter in which the writer said, "I had a splendid night last night. Was wheeled into the assembly hall of the hospital and there were the photos of Banff; it was dark enough that the other fellows did not see the tears. It made me pretty homesick, but I am getting along alright and will soon be back." Never having thought of them as instructive to others it was not till the slides returned to Edmonton that it was suggested that they might be put in form for others who had not had the chance of beholding their own country and especially that part of it which surpasses all other countries the writer has ever visited. Thus I have collected a second series of the mountains which portray quite a different section, but as the listeners might weary, although I feel sure their pride in their country could never wane, I have classified them under the head of: "At the Head Waters of the Saskatchewan and Athabaska Rivers."